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THE PUPPY BOOK



A CAT-NAP

BY
WENDY DODD



"OUT!"



Class PS3507

Book 023 P8

1933

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IRRESISTIBLE



TIME FOR MASTER !





VALENTINE TO MISSY RUTH

At night I like to sit and watch
The moon and dipper too,
And see the cars go flashing by,
And think of life and you.

[Dodd, Mrs. Ruth]

THE PUPPY BOOK



AND NOW !

DOGGEREL PUPPY-TRATED
BY WENDY DODD

"DO YOU KNOW HER FULL NAME ?" ASKED
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. "WENDY MOIRA
ANGELA DARLING DODD"

BOSTON
LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.

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COQUETTE ASLEEP

THIS IS THE BRIEF STORY OF THE INTERRUPTED PUPPYHOOD OF A LITTLE COCKER SPANIEL NAMED BY TWO LOVERS OF BARRIE AFTER A WELL KNOWN HEROINE OF HIS. THE DRAWINGS, WITH VERY FEW EXCEPTIONS, ARE SKETCHES FROM LIFE AND ONLY INCIDENTALLY ILLUSTRATE THE VERSES.

RUTH AND LORING DODD WORCESTER, MASS.

1933

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A CAT-NAP

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CALL IT A DAY



HUH ?

TEDIUM

I wonder why I mayn't eat coal
Or gnaw a splintery stick
Or chew the mail the postman brings —
It wasn't that that made me sick!

Why won't They bounce my ball for me
As often as I want Them to?
A little puppy lonely gets
With nothing all day long to do!



LIST'NIN'

DESOLATION

One winter's night when They went out
And left me all alone
They put a cookie by my bed
As if that would atone.

But when I'm sad I cannot eat,
And there the cookie lay
Until They came back home again,
Then I swallowed it whole — hooray!



WHAT'S THAT ?

[10]

PUPPY PLAINT

I want to pull electric cords
And see swift darkness drop,
I like the chewy ends of rugs
But all They say is, "Stop."

I like to nip at moving heels
And dig where flowers grow
Or bring a greasy bone indoors
But all They say is, "No."

If all my puppy passions are
Thus subject to repression,
However shall I reach, I ask,
The heights of self-expression!



PLEASE, A CRUMB

FROM MY MASTER'S TABLE !

SYSTEM

At night I slowly walk upstairs
And on the landing stand
And growl for Them to come to bed —
They never understand!

Mornings I patter down the stairs,
Straight to the table go
And growl, “It’s long past breakfast-time” —
They never seem to know!

How can a puppy be content
Till things are snug at night
Or ever happy till the day
With breakfast starts aright?
Besides until Their breakfast’s done
I never get a bite!



INVESTIGATION

[14]

FEAR

Sometimes when I am curled in sleep
There comes a sudden sound
And startled I raise up my head
And fearfully gaze round.

But oh, I feel so safe at once
And gone is all my fright
When Master says, "Go back to sleep,
Pup, everything's all right."



DO I QUITE
UNDERSTAND ?

CELLAR-BRATION

Each night before we start for bed
My master goes downstairs
And piles the furnace high with coal
Against the chill night airs.

And always I go with him for
I know he'd frightened be —
A cellar's such a spooky place —
If it were not for me!



DOES THIS MEAN
WE ARE GOING OUT?

[18]

A WALK

Please take me for a walk.

I want to run and play,
A walk is such adventure
In an idle puppy's day.

The bore of lying round

Only a walk dispels,
And oh, the dogs and people,
And oh, the strange new smells!



HOPE

LONELINESS

Whenever They're away from home
How lonely is my day!
Why can't They be content like me
Just in the yard to play?

And why must They go out at night?
I wish that They could see
How still an empty house becomes
With no one home but me!



WHO'S COMIN'?

WAGGERY

When callers come I am so glad,
The gladdest dog in town,
I leap and jump in ecstasy —
To hear, “Down, puppy, down.”

When I would give a lappy kiss,
There come the quick commands,
“No, no. Give me your paw, doggy.
Shake hands — like this — shake hands.”

When humans make dogs act like them
They set nature’s laws agog:
Cold human ways are best for them
But frisky ways for a dog!



JUS' THINKIN'

FOR EVER?

Partings, I think, are very sad:
When my folks go away
How can a little puppy know
They have not gone to stay?

WHAT SHALL I
DO NEXT?



RESTRICTION

I have, I know, a pretty yard
In which to romp and play
But hedge and fence enclose it
And out I may not stray.

The other dogs peer in at me,
I want them so to stay
But when they find the gate is shut
They quickly turn away.

I know that dog-thieves lurk outside,
And speeding motors slay,
Still if one has no playmates, oh,
How very long each day!



I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING!

DISCIPLINE

Please never whip a little dog,
Reproof is quite enough,
I cannot bear unfriendly eyes,
A kindly voice grown gruff.

I am so very much ashamed
When I have done amiss,
I want so much to make amends —
Please take this timid kiss.

If humans felt as bad as dogs
When they commit some sin,
How heavenly this world would be
To spend a lifetime in!



SEEIN² THE WORLD

COURAGE

At dogs and people I don't like
I bark with all my might and main
When they pass through our street and I —
Am safe behind the window-pane!

Or if a stranger rings the bell
I seek the door all unafraid
And bristling growl ferociously —
Behind my mistress or the maid!

But please don't laugh, so many fears
Beset a little puppy's heart,
All strange new sights and sudden sounds —
My master's sneeze gives me a start!



I AM A VERY QUIET PUPPY!

BATH

I think a bath a silly thing,
A waste of time and soap:
I had my first bath yesterday —
It is my last, I hope.

For what avail the water warm,
The scrub-brush and the sud —
The butcher brings a greasy bone,
And now there's vernal mud!



PLEASE, LEMME IN !

ART

I press against the window-pane
And at the passers stare
And when I turn this way and that
My nose leaves smudges there.

They look, my mistress says, like clouds,
Like birds, like trees, like men,
And I'm an artist with the nose
Instead of brush or pen!

But master says that what he sees
Is just an empty scrawl,
And if I am an artist, why,
I'm modernist — that's all!



SCOTTIE

I had a little doggie friend,
Short-legged, black and gray
Who through the palings poked his nose
To greet me every day.

To-night the papers say you're lost —
I wonder where you are!
And oh, I hope you had no pain
If run down by a car!

Or if some one has stolen you
I hope that he is kind
To you who had such gentle ways
And such a loyal mind!

But I shall watch the fence each day
To see your nose poke through,
I can't believe you won't come back —
I do so want you to!



WHAT'S THIS ?

PRACTICE

I never yet have caught a cat,
I've only barked at one
That sits for hours stupidly
Just basking in the sun.

But once before the folks awoke
I softly slipped down stair
And from a vase I ate up all
The pussy-willows there!



MENDICANT

THE PORTRAIT

I went into a stranger's house
And there upon the wall
There hung, life-size, an ancestor
I did not like at all.

He stared at me, I stared at him,
I growled and then I barked
But that I strongly disapproved
He never once remarked.

He never spoke or moved an inch —
Which wakened my distrust.
“Too dumb to be alive,” I said
And left him in disgust!



STEAM-SHOVEL

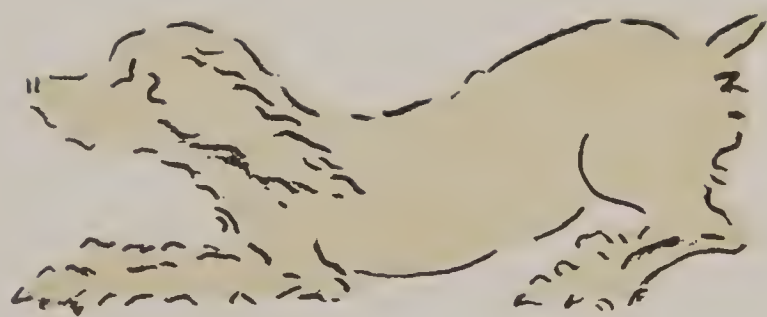
SPRINGTIME FOR WENDY

This is the time of year when in
Our garden can be found
Those luscious, chewy, tasty things
That push up through the ground.

You first bite off the tender tops
And then you dig and dig
Until you reach the bulbs below,
So juicy, round and big!

Oh hyacinths and daffodils,
Of whom the poets sing,
You are for me, par excellence,
The salad of the spring!

And when I am so happy,
Is it not most unfair
That at the door I am met with
A cold and threatening stare!



CATCH ME IF YOU CAN !

ATTENTION, PLEASE!

I like attention and I like
It nearly all the time:
I want Them to play ball and romp
And motoring's sublime!

But often They just sit and talk
Or sit and read or write;
They say I should amuse myself —
I ask, is that polite?

I'm bored and grab a pencil or
A glove or handkerchief:
They start for me and off I run,
A wide-eyed, waggish thief!

And round and round I madly go
As madly They pursue:
And do I get attention — oh,
Red cockers, but I do!



WATCHFUL WAITING

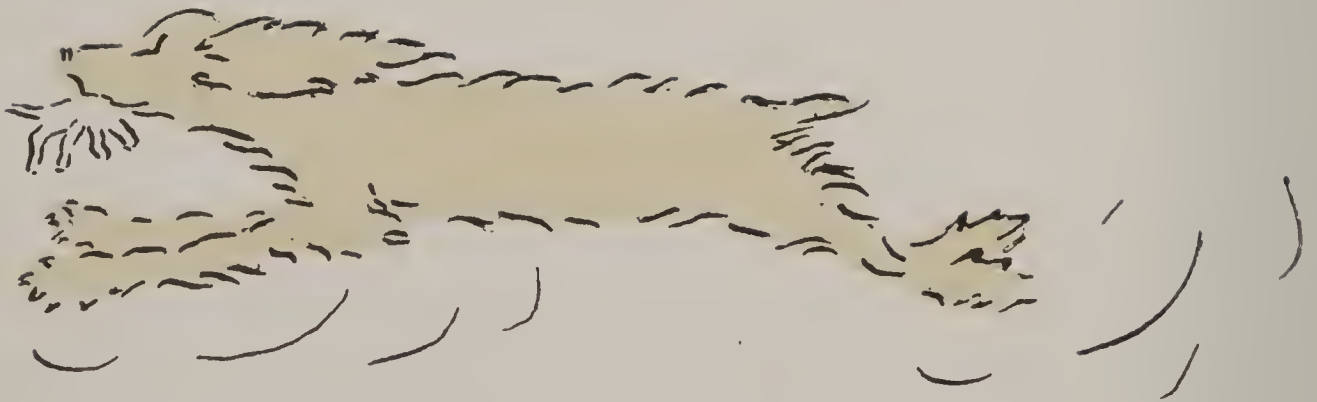
[46]

WHEN THEY GO OUT

When They go out
And I am left alone
I do not care to play
With rubber ball or bone.

All I do is watch
Just inside the door
Listening so intently
For the steps that I adore.

And when at last They come
I dance and leap with glee
And kiss their dear, dear faces
As they bend down to me.



" STOP THIEF ! "

NEW KID GLOVES

The thing I like the best to chew
Is a kid glove when fresh and new.
I grab one every chance I get
And soon it's nice and soft and wet.
But sometimes master on the run
Comes after me, seeing not the fun,
And when he's chased me all about
He gives a sharp and sudden shout.
Demure I stop and act afraid,
So peace is on the instant made,
The glove returned, I've paid my debt
And once again am master's pet.



MAKING NO BONES OF IT

DESPOT

Often when master wants to read
I feel that I must intercede
And see that he has fun and play
And not keep working all the day.

Not always does he understand
And so I pull and bite his hand
Until he throws his book aside
And takes me for a walk or ride.



THAT BIRD!

IN AND OUT

In and out, in and out,
All day long I go,
Running in and out of doors,
Leaving tracks on polished floors,
In and out I go.

In and out, in and out,
Racing wildly all about,
Missy's looks were not devout
Last time I asked her to go out,
But in and out I go.

In and out, in and out,
In snow or sleet or rain,
Just to run and jump and bark
And then come in again.
In and out, in and out,
And surely it's no sin
To ask Them all day long
To let you out and in?



GUESS WHAT I'M DOING

WON BY A LAP

I know that human beings think
That kisses love imply,
But I have learned they're coins as well
That many things will buy.

Whenever I want something and
My pleas have been dismissed,
I try those soft warm laps of tongue,
And then They can't resist!

A kiss is good for tit-bits or
A walk or even ride,
It's useful for apology
If They're about to chide.

And when you have been guilty
Of some disastrous prank,
If you can kiss quite fast enough
You may escape a spank!



GOT HIM!

[56]

CIVILIZATION

One day my master went down town
And took me with him too:
It was a frantic, hectic place
Where all things were askew.

The trolleys went clank-clank, gong-gong,
The trucks rode rattlety-bang,
The autos shrieked, "Make way, make way!"
Loudspeakers roared and sang.

The people rushed this way and that,
I felt so very small
Among the many moving legs
Attached to giants all!

For once I liked to be on leash,
I did not care to roam,
And oh, how glad a puppy was
To get back safely home!



CRACKER !

HUNGER SONG

I do not get enough to eat —
They are afraid I may grow fat,
They want to keep me graceful, slim,
As if I cared at all for that!

I do not get enough to eat —
It makes my breast with anger swell
To hear Them say complacently,
“A hungry dog is always well.”

They are not slim, They are not well,
They do not practice what They preach:
They sit at table by the hour,
With mounds of food within Their reach —
Just mounds of food within Their reach!



TIMIDITY

[60]

DRAMATICS

Whenever They step on my tail
Or tread upon my toes,
I act as though this world of ours
Were weighted deep with woes.

My ears droop down, my eyes grow sad,
My tail's between my legs,
Dejectedly I sit as each
Offender pardon begs.

I am not really hurt at all
But I have learned, you see,
That if I overact the part
I get more sympathy.

And sympathy means hugs and pats,
A squeeze and then a kiss:
An accident is not half bad
With "damages" like this!



NOSIN'

NOSE TO THE GROUND

Nose to the ground, nose to the ground,
That is the way I like to go round,
For oh, the wonderful smells you get,
As fresh as paint that still is wet,
A hundred tracks each as distinct
As lines on paper broadly inked.

These tracks here are of course my own,
These the grocer's who brings me a bone,
Here's where the postman crossed the street,
Here went a cat on sly velvet feet,
These are the milkman's who comes at dawn,
These the college boy's who cuts the lawn,
Here are the paper boy's, and these
The laundryman's who loves to tease.
These are the guests' who just went away,
Here are the callers' who came yesterday.
Here is my master's heavy tread,
Here the light feet of my mistress sped.
Smells in the kitchen, smells on the stair,
Life is a glory of smells everywhere.

Nose to the ground, nose to the ground,
That is the adventurous way to go round,
That is the only way to go round.
And each new place a puppy goes,
Oh, what delights for a puppy's nose!



CALM

[64]

PROPHECY

I never mean to be naughty,
It is only my puppy way,
All that I am trying to do
Is just indulge in play.

I never mean to be naughty,
I'm sorry to displease,
Exactly like human beings
I only want to tease.

Some day when I am old and gray
And shaky in the knees,
You'll give worlds to have me play
And worlds to have me tease!





WORSHIP





SURRENDER



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CALL IT A DAY